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ANNO MIRABILI:

OR, THE

WONDERFUL YEAR

OF

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REHEARSAL.

Ut desint Vires, tamen est laudanda Voluntas.

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Printed for B. Bragg, at the Blue-Ball in Ave-Mary-Lane, 1702. 15. Decemb.

ANNA
IN
ANNOMIRABIL:
OR, THE
WONDERFUL YEAR
OF
1702.

AT length Day breaks, and Shades of Night give Way,
Tyranny shakes at Virtue's dawning Day;
Oppression staggers, Justice takes the Throne,
Having heard from Heav'n enslaved *Europe's* Moan.
Wake then ye British *Bards*, trim now your Wings,
The dark Fiends fly while this new Day-light Springs;
Th' embroiled Heav'ns clear up, our Hemisphere
From East to West shows Day already here.
Why should the Meanest of your Tribe excite
Your Noble Muses? Why should you delight
In Careless and Astonish'd Slumbers? Say,
Now Night is gone, why Sleep you thus in Day?

Or

Or are you likewise (charm'd with *Gallick* Gold)
 Wing-pinion'd, plung'd in *Morpheus's* deepest Hold
 Among th' enslaved Vermin of the Night?
 Nay, then sleep on, and never more see Light.
 But if you are not, shake off this Disease,
 And be alham'd of such inglorious Ease,
 While now your Heroes go abroad, and come
 With Noblest Conquests, Spoils and Laurels, home
 In your Immortal Verse Embalm their Names,
 Where endless Times may read their sev'ral Fames;
 Of their just C A U S E, oppress'd till now, then Sing,
 From whence likewise their sev'ral Conquests Spring:
 But that to know, turn you to *Britain's* Throne,
 There centers all your Argument alone:
 To Tyrants wrathful Thunders issue thence,
 But to the Injur'd Saving Influence.
 With awful Dread there view what Majesty
 Now fills the Sacred Seat, thence turn your Eye
 Into your selves, there Conscious made, maintain
 ELIZABETH in ANNE is rose again.
 Sing then the Golden Season of this Day,
 Born now, while *Celtick* Tyranny bears Sway,
 That very Beast of old sprung up in *Spain*,
 But stifled there, reviv'd in *France* again.
 Philip in *Ludowick*, with double Rage,
 Compounds the Monster, now on *Europe's* Stage,
 Imposing Chains on all, and where withstood,
 Dying the Champion Fields with Humane Blood.
 The C A U S E is one, the New and Old the same,
 Two Nations Hunt, but both Pursue One Game;
 'Tis only now under Proud *France's* Banner,
 In Kind alike, but dress'd in different Manner.
 Sure *Satan* fear'd his C A U S E too weak was grown,
 Thus patching Two such Monarchies in One:
 But so it is, and as'twas Bad before,
 So, by repeated C R I M E S, Bad now much more.
 Yet armed thus, the Beast for Sole Command
 Attempts, all Expectations are at Stand;

A general Silence, and a general Fear,
 In Church and State doth ev'rywhere appear:
 Heav'n then look'd down, and heard th' Oppressed's Cry,
 (When Means do fail, then Aid Divine is nigh,)
 And since the Fiend put up the ancient Game,
 Decreed the Remedy should be the same;
 Then 'twas the Dawnings of this new-born Day
 Broke forth, and chas'd the former Night away;
 Then on our Throne, once more, a Royal Dame
 From Heav'n appear'd, this Twofold Beast to tame.
 As if, in Person, Justice did descend
 To judge the Monstrous Tyrant, to befriend
 The injur'd European States, and free
 Their Nobles and their Kings from Slavery.
 War and Defiance to the Enemy
 From her *Tribunal* then forthwith do fly,
 And after those first Thunders, her Command
 Pours Forces from her Ports for Sea and Land.
 They with Heroic Ardour all inspir'd,
 In winged Squadrons for their Ports desir'd,
 Fly thence by Turns, pursue their Great Behest,
 Each ranging for the Enemy in quest.
 In *Flanders* Warlike *Marlborough* first Lands,
Ormond for more Remoter Sea-Ports Stands:
 He, with experienc'd *Rooke*, the Trident Sways,
 And seeks the Enemy in his strongest Bays.
Bembow flies further to the new-found Shoar,
 Where from the Hills flows down the Golden Oar;
 The Séat of *Mammon*, and the only Prop
 Of the fierce Tyrant's safe Retreat and Hope.
 And now Four Moons this wond'rous Year had spent,
 Of which but Two this Reign yet underwent,
 E'er these Positions thus were fix'd, the Stars
 Then in their Spheres made ready for these Wars.
 From *Flanders* News; the *French* refuse to Fight,
 Towns then are taken in their Armies Sight;
 To Walls to cover them they fly, there hide,
 Nor Walls the *English* Virtue can abide.

Strong *Keyserſwaert* was firſt, which did ſuſtain
 The Arms of this Great General in vain :
Venlo fell next, the like Succeſs did wait
 On *Stepheſwaert*, join'd in the common Fate ;
Reermond then follow'd, *Liege* brought up the Rear,
 So *Marleborough* concludes the Glorious Year.
 But ſtay, a Cloud appears, all Looks do mourn,
 The Gen'ral's Captive made in his Return :
 Sad Chance ! Shall *Guelder* then, in One bad Hour,
 The Glories of a whole Campaign devour ?
 Fear not, he Midnight wears, is Beetle-brow'd,
 And hides his Luſtre in a ſuddain Cloud :
 He's now not Legible as General,
 They have him, but they ſee him not at all :
 So he eſcapes, gets clear by Silver Aid,
 Returns, and Friends revives, before diſmay'd.
 News from *Gibraltar* : Into *Cadiz Bay*
Ormond arrives, takes Her chief Ports away,
 Summons in Peaceful Terms the Town, but She
 Her Chains prefers before that Liberty.
 Chaf'd with th' Affront, the Noble Peer ſits down
 (Vowing Revenge) before th' ungrateful Town :
 But that impracticable found, from Shore
 On Board he Ships his Valiant Bands once more.
 He bids farewel, but 'tis 'til he return ;
 If not his Abſence, yet that they ſhall mourn.
 Anchor is weigh'd, Sails ſpread, (fair Winds blew then)
 They put to Sea, and plough the Waves agen.
 Homeward he points, with Diſappointment vext ;
 Beware ye *Gauls*, where will this Storm fall next ?
 Meet him not in his Way, fly from his View,
 Or hide you in ſome ſecret Avenue.
 But no Shift Helps, the Centry cries, a Sail,
 He's call'd, and comes, and tells a hopeful Tale.
 The Story is purſu'd, the Truth is try'd,
 At *Vigo's Haven* all is verify'd.
 Here they put in, here find that Maſs of Treafure,
 As if the *Indies* were transported thither.

So many loaden *Galleons* they see
 Under French Guard, but now in Jeopardy.
 They for Defence, but all in vain, assay,
Ormond attacks and brings off all the Prey ;
 Or what he cannot Take, he Sinks or Burns,
 (Riches make Wings, and change their Lords by turns.)
 And now they Land, (more Wealth they have in Wind)
 And Plunder all the Neigbring Towns they find ;
 Till with vast Treasures stor'd on Board they high,
 Once more spread Wings, and from *Galicia* fly.
 Along they take both Prey and Convoy too,
 At this time, not to *France*, but *England* due ;
 Their Naval Strength, now Captive, must attend
 Our Hero's Triumph to his Voyage end.
 The Enemy despoil'd, with woful Eyes
 Pursue the Victors, fill the Air with Cries,
 Taking up *Micah's* bitter. Plaint of Yore,
They've took away our Gods, what have we more !
 With her vast Cargo soon the prosp'rous Fleet
 Salutes the British Shore, loud Welcomes greet
 Her save Arrival, now with huge Encrease,
 And there our *Jason* Lands his *Golden Fleece*.
 Of *Bembow's* glorious Acts Fame's Trump sounds next,
 But yet with some Uncertainties perplex'd,
 Till therefore next News comes my Muse forbear,
 Here close thy Labours with the wond'rous Year.

To the QUEEN.

WELL have I paus'd ; to you dread Sovereign,
 With Fervour new I must return again :
 From your Auspicious Reign my Muse took Heat,
 'Tis just I lay her Numbers at your Feet.
 If Joy has made me Liberty misuse,
 Let that Transport, my Liege, plead my Excuse.
 Yet if more able Pens had once assum'd
 This *Argument*, I should not have presum'd.

Late

Late tho' you fill'd the Sacred Throne, yet more
 In Months were done than were in Years before ;
 Nor sooner did you there ascend, than shine
 With Robes Coelestial, and with *Guards Divine* :
 They with your Gen'als on your Errands went,
 Fought under them your *Cause*, as from you sent :
Marlbrough they cover'd in a Clouds Disguise,
 When I look, and brought him off with that Device :
Ormond, when coming home without Success,
 They met, and led him to the *Golden Fleece* :
 In all Attacks, where clashing Armour bray'd,
 They led the Van, and First your Foes dismay'd ;
 So Victory preparing for your Side,
 (So may your CAUSE in this Just War be try'd.)
 From these First Things what may we not Prefage ?
 Your Months contain the Wonders of an Age :
 Sure Heav'n's in haste to do those Things by you,
 Which FAITH and REVELATION have in View.
 'Tis with this *Thought*, my Liege, and *Wish*, I lend
 My ravish'd SONG ; Heav'n still your CAUSE defend,
 Protect your Person, send you long to Reign,
 Till *Righteousness* and *Peace* unite again ;
 And till *that Kingdom* come, for which we Pray,
 Wherein on Earth Men shall Heav'n's Will obey.

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